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Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, Dunkerley & Franks are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

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IN THE  
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THE  
Manchester  
TOBACCO  
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The originators of  
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THE  
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ADVANTAGES  
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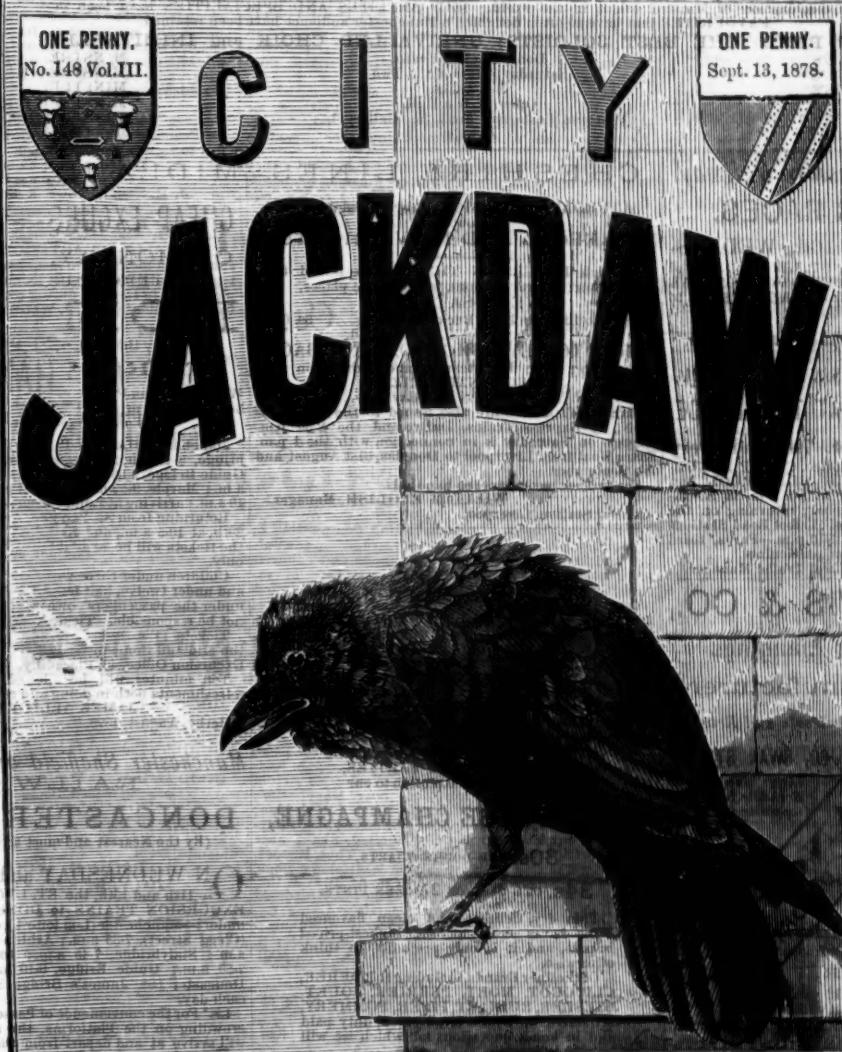
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AT ONCE,  
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TOBACCO,  
CIGARS,  
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SNUFFS  
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Prices Unattempted  
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GOODS  
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UNAPPROACHABLE  
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Post Free on applica-  
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Manchester  
TOBACCO  
COMPANY,  
51,  
SHUDEHILL.

**R. WEAVER & CO.,**  
WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,  
4, NORFOLK STREET,  
MANCHESTER.



BEFORE PURCHASING YOUR CLOTHING FOR YOUR HOLIDAY TOUR,  
SEE STYLES AND PRICES AT  
**LIPMAN'S NOTED ESTABLISHMENT,**  
Where the LARGEST and CHOICEST STOCK of  
Men's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing is to be seen. Special Order and Boys' Clothing  
Departments.  
136, DEANSGATE, CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

CHINESE TEA CONSUMERS  
Obtain mixture possessing double the strength and  
flavour of any other by mixing seven kinds of the  
first crop. Sold in 18oz. packets, 3d (Chinese  
weight).

S. JONES & CO., Importers,  
2, ESSEX STREET, KING STREET, MANCHESTER

**GRIFITHS**

104,  
DEANSGATE

(Opposite Kendal,  
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WATCHMAKER  
AND

JEWELLER,  
Begs to call atten-  
tion to his entire  
Stock of

NEW GOODS,  
GEM RINGS,  
MARBLE CLOCKS,  
Electro Plate,  
SILVER  
JEWELLERY,  
&c.

**GREY & SHAW,**  
(Late Lamb & Co.)  
**LUDACROSS**  
AND  
CIGARETTE  
MANUFACTURERS,  
And Importers of the  
FINEST FOREIGN  
CIGARS,  
Wholesale & Retail,  
INDIA BUILDINGS,  
14, CROSS ST.,  
Manchester  
Near the Royal Ex-  
change.  
TRY THE PURE  
GOLDEN VIRGINIA,  
Suitable for Pipes or  
Cigarettes,  
6d. per oz.  
Ten per cent Reduc-  
tion on all Purchases  
of Cigars of 2s and  
upwards.

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

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**CELEBRATED**

**WATCHES.**

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DEANSGATE.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.  
Gold Chains, Alabaster, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

**THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,**  
**OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,**  
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision. Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

CHIRETTA BALSAM relieves the most violent COUGH, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, is 1d. per Bottle. Patented, METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 832, DEANSGATE. Sold by most Chemists.

# WEDDING CAKES

Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stout, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Eperges supplied.

I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET.

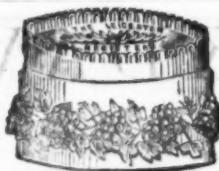
N.B.—Bow Window,

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.

THE L.P.P.



THE L.P.P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L.P.P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V. C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if required for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICKERS, COILYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign  
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,  
JOHN BOYD & CO.,  
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New  
and More Extensive Premises, situated  
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,  
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



## CONTRA-SEPTINE

Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail: J. WOOLLEY, SONS, & CO., Chemists, &c., Market Street, Manchester.

**JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,**  
Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,  
Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

**JAPANESE CURTAINS.**

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/3, 6/3, 7/3, 8/3, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

**D. JUGLA,**  
COURT GLOVER,  
51, DEANSGATE (BARTON ARCADE),  
MANCHESTER,  
IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST  
PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.  
A Large Assortment of his Renowned  
PARIS KID GLOVES.  
Great Success of the Patent  
GAUNTLETS AND DUCHESSE GLOVES.  
FANS—A SPECIALTY.  
AGENT FOR ED. PINAUD, PARIS SELECTED PERFUMERY.

—  
D. JUGLA'S

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:

PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.  
Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAVART, PARIS.

Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

**LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL**  
Have the Largest Assortment of  
DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES  
Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery—15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,  
from the very best makers.

HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 148.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## AT THE "THORNY HEDGEHOG."

*Dramatis Personae*: Pimple, Weakspot, Sickfit, Feather, and general company.

*Time*: Eight o'clock p.m.

**SICKFIT**: I'm sick of Pimple and his literary proclivities. Besides, he's so fearfully conceited.

**FEATHER**: All great men and second-rate actors are conceited.

**SICKFIT**: There I agree with you, especially as to the actors. It's either rich to come across a professional and not to know it, and to talk to him as though he were an ordinary mortal. I think it was some Irish judge the other day that spoke of putting the worm on the hook tenderly.

**FEATHER**: Hush! I do believe that's Pimple coming up the stairs.

[Pimple opens the door and looks round the room very knowingly.]

**WEAKSPOT**: Talk of the devil and — (A laugh.)

**PIMPLE**: These are, indeed, degenerate days. (Laughter.) Still, I suppose it is ever so, if we are not there. (Hear.) I thought I was going upstairs into good company. (Hear.)

**SICKFIT** (lifting his hat to Pimple): Thanks, Pimple, for the compliment. (A laugh.)

**PIMPLE**: Dost thou appropriate that which is not thine, and under my very nose? (Laughter.) Well, well, the pathway of life is littered with illusions. (More laughter.)

**WEAKSPOT**: Why so hard on Sickfit?

**PIMPLE**: Was Pimple hard on the thing that is soft? (Laughter.) Then let us be hopeful and pray that there may be an impression. (Hear.)

**SICKFIT**: Didn't I tell you Pimple was conceited?

**PIMPLE**: So he is; no he is. (A laugh.) And no doubt for Pimple there is a charm in the conceit or so remarkable a man never would have been conceited. (Good.)

**WEAKSPOT** (aside, and in an undertone to Sickfit): Ask him what he thinks of the last new book, or the Dublin meeting of the British Association.

**FEATHER**: Come, no whispering. (That's right.)

**PIMPLE**:

"But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,  
And to be wrath with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain." (Bravo, bravo.)

**SICKFIT**: What's the best thing in books just now, Pimple?

**PIMPLE**: They make no books now. (A laugh.)

**FEATHER**: Don't they?

**PIMPLE**: No. (Laughter.) But publishers abound for profitable twaddle (a laugh); and the gods know there is much, too much, of that —

**WEAKSPOT** (to Pimple): How do you like the "Society Journals?"

**PIMPLE**: Pretty much as I like society. (Hear.) I love the truth (a laugh); but that is not *Truth's* truth. (Good.)

**FEATHER**: Did you read Sir John Lubbock's speech on the ants?

**PIMPLE**: That the ants go in groves? Certainly. There was nothing very new in the speech. (Indeed.) The ants of to-day do as did the ants of yesterday. It is the same with the marvellous monkey, and the not very marvellous man. (Loud laughter.)

**WEAKSPOT**: What!

**PIMPLE**: The Weakspots and the Sickfits do as their fathers did. (Laughter.) Like the ants, they go in groves. (Laughter.) They say, "What a man has done, that a man can do." (Cheers.)

**WEAKSPOT**: And so he may.

**FEATHER**: Certainly.

**PIMPLE**: Yes; but we look beyond that, and it is reserved for the

Pimples to do something more. (Cheers.) We are not satisfied with the idea of merely doing what other men have done; then should we be as other men. (A laugh.) We do not merely say "What a man has done a man may do." Nothing of the kind. (Good.) We boldly assert that a man may do what a man has never done (cheers); and so far as the Pimples are concerned they do it. (Laughter.) Thus is the world kept moving. Solomon goes occasionally into the shade; and, now and then, for the astonishment of the ordinary mortal, there is a new thing under the sun. (Bravo.)

**SICKFIT**: Now, for my part, I'm tired of this rambling talk, this —

**WEAKSPOT**: He's a big bounces is Pimple. (A laugh.)

**PIMPLE**: He's a very honest jackdaw. (Good.) He cannot stalk about in stolen plumes; and although, sometimes, his note may not be very nice (hear), yet he can always just say "Caw! caw!" and be natural. (Good.)

**FEATHER**: Now, Pimple, I like that, and I'll stand drinks. (Well done.) What shall I order?

**PIMPLE** (rings the bell, and addresses barmaid who enters): Our friend Feather is anxious to enthrall the grace of this generous company by giving you a very exceptional order. (Hear.)

**BARMAID**: O! Mr. Pimple. (A laugh.)

**PIMPLE**: Do not be alarmed. (Laughter.) So far as I am concerned, bring me a brown brandy and soda. (A laugh.) Schweppes—mind that—I shall look to the label. I shall —

**FEATHER**: Bring brandies for the lot. (Good.)

[Barmaid retires, returns with liquors, and again retires.]

**FEATHER**: Now, gentlemen, I want to give you a toast. (Cheers.) You know I'm no speaker. (Good.) I can't go it like Pimple and Weakspot (laughter); so, without any more ceremony, I say, "Here's to the health of John Bright," and I only wish from the bottom of my heart that he'd fallen into better hands. (Bravo! bravo!)

**WEAKSPOT**: I don't like the fellow; but as it's brandy—(a laugh)—

**PIMPLE**: You will try to take him in brandy. (Laughter.) I drink with you, Feather, and you, my worthy friends, to the honored name of John Bright. (Cheers.) But that is sufficient. (A laugh.) Foolish Feather! It is well, indeed, for Feather, that he cannot "go it" (laughter); for if he could there is no telling where he would wander. What earthly good is there, or can there be, in proposing the health of a man all round so robust as Mr. Bright? (Cheers.) Weakspot<sup>s</sup> may thus bolster the bloated Beaconsfield, but our friend Bright can dispense with such doubtful and very questionable support. (More laughter.)

**SICKFIT**: Let us drink his health, at all events.

**WEAKSPOT**: Consider him dead, and drink to his memory in solemn silence. (Laughter.)

**PIMPLE**: Then bury him; but do not praise him. (Good.) And now we will suppose that this father of future political and social good is snugly under the sod—(laughter)—that the fragrant flowers above his head are feeling their winsome way to the light, that —

**WEAKSPOT**: I thought that Bright was buried. (So he is, so he is.)

**PIMPLE**: No! it cannot be done. (Laughter.) He rises again. (Good.) There will never be the "narrowing grave" for him:

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
Th' eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers." (Bravo.)

**WEAKSPOT**: I see how it is. Pimple is bothered with the bile. (Capital.) He can't bear to think of the immense honour that my friend the Earl of Beaconsfield has received from the highest to the lowest in the land. (Hear.) Poor Pimple, I pity him. (Laughter.) He's bijous unto sickness and

must spurt out his spleen upon somebody. (Much laughter.) In fact, if you look at him, you can see he is not well.

PIMPLE: Peace, peace; I pray you give me peace; let me rest me (laughter), and, Weakspot, if thou hast a little wealth of kindness in thy heart (much laughter). O, stay the torment of thy trifling tongue. (Loud laughter.)

FEATHER: Has anybody here seen this month's *Nineteenth Century*?

PIMPLE (looking and pointing over his left shoulder): It has been felt by somebody over yonder. (Hear.)

SICKOFFIT: These society journals are brought into the world by a lot of fellows that don't like work. I never read them. I —

PIMPLE (who has been lost for a few moments in deep meditation): Mr. Feather, thou callest me to horse! and I smell the battle afar off (cheers), and the shouting. (Bravo!)

SICKOFFIT: He smells the shouting. (Loud laughter.)

PIMPLE: "England's Mission" is indeed a glittering spear (good); a dazzler for men in the dark (a laugh); a shield for the lovers of safety (good); a windway for the contents of the bladder (much laughter); a fearful flame for the man of straw. (Roars of laughter.)

WEAKSPOT: We brought you "Peace with Honour," and having served you so well (good) we are satisfied (a laugh); quite satisfied. (More laughter.)

SICKOFFIT (looking at Pimple and sneering slightly): Yes. "Peace with Honour;" peace with —

PIMPLE: Bah! Had peace ever any other handmaid? (Good.) This peace of which you speak is not at all unlike the noble Earl who brought it (looking to Weakspot and Sickoffit), and, in good sooth, it resembles some of his humble followers. (Laughter.) This peace is a very plausible pretender. (Loud cheers.) "Peace with Honour!" Would that it were so! The substance of this peace is perplexity; and the form of it a pretence. (Good.) 'Tis Beaconsfield's own bantling, and has the flimsy face of its father. (Laughter.) \*

SICKOFFIT: I think that's going just a shade too far. (Hear, hear.)

FEATHER: Well, a moderate man like Pimple may say an extravagant thing at times. (Good.)

PIMPLE: Pimple speaks of that which he doth know. (Laughter.) Pimple is the personification of —

[Here the barmaid enters and intimates that "it's ever so much after eleven."]

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

### "BEACONSFIELD'S" SONG.

[A REPRODUCTION.]

WHEN I was a lad I served a term  
As clerk to a decent attorney's firm;  
But the trammels of the office were so vile a bore,  
That I longed to be stepping from the big front door!  
I slipped through that portal so readile  
That now I am a noble and, to boot, K.G.!

As novel-writer I made such a mark,  
That a Seat was discovered for the lawyer's clerk;  
Then I sneered and flouted with a smile so bland,  
Till at last I had the Tories in my own right hand!  
I chaffed my opponents in a style so free,  
That now I am a noble and a big K.G.!

By "slanging" Liberals I made such a name,  
That a full-blown Premier I soon became;  
With a "brute majority" to dance to my flute,  
I made an Indian Empress, and an Earl to boot!  
And that smart, Imperial jingle did so well for me,  
That now I am a noble and, you know, K.G.!

I grew so trusted that I was sent  
To the Congress, Britain for to represent.  
I cut up Turkey and insulted Greece;  
But you know I collared Cyprus, and I "brought back peace."  
For a "peace with honour" they rewarded me  
By making of a nobleman a brave K.G.!

Now statesmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you're wishful to emulate this "big, big D."  
If your souls are not fettered to the Lower House,  
Be careful to be guided by the rule of *nous*;  
Stick close to the Crown, and never chop down trees,  
And you all may be noblemen and all K.G.'s.

### DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. XIV.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

WHEN I left you last, my dear young friend, a cab was tearing up the street at the rate of seven miles an hour, and I then hazarded the conjecture that your recreant wife was in the cab. Was I right, or not? Right? I thought so. Well, now what was the upshot of the whole affair? I perceive you still have possession of this house, and that the furniture remains intact, so that you evidently have not resorted to either of the two schemes I suggested to you at our last conference. You have not found it necessary? Well, that is, perhaps, something to be thankful for, but I am curious to know what alternative plan you have adopted, and how you have settled your matrimonial difficulties. You have tamed your wife, subdued her completely? Indeed, that is certainly a marvellous accomplishment for you, though, perhaps, she was in so penitent a frame of mind when she came home that you were able to do anything with her, and you are possibly mistaking a mere passing spasm of remorse for the genuine repentance which comes from a deep conviction of evil committed and intended. That is not so, because you did not wait for any sign of sorrow? You simply laid before her the fact that in future she had to obey you implicitly in all things, or that otherwise you had to part? Oh, that was the way you did it. Well, I congratulate you on your firmness, the more so as it is so entirely unexpected. Angy seems quite to realise that you will stand no more nonsense of any kind? Does she? Then so much the better for her and for you too, provided you don't allow the courage which you have screwed up to slip again. Women, I can tell you, are just like tigresses. They won't make a spring at you so long as your eye is on them; but avert your gaze for a moment, and they're on you like a flash of lightning scrambling about a gooseberry bush. Keep the advantage you have gained, my dear young friend, and you may find that even the married state may become endurable. And now I hope that, since your difficulties have ended in a manner which is comparatively satisfactory, you will not only have learnt the lessons of experience, but will be willing and anxious to teach them to others who may be in the same position that you were. Just think of what your state would have been if I had not been near to act as guide, philosopher, and friend—though I am very far from wishing to claim any credit for having fulfilled a simple duty. Trampled upon by your wife, sat upon by your mother-in-law, snubbed by all the rest of your wife's female relations, viewed with suspicion by all her male connections and with contempt by your own, you would have dragged out a miserable existence, relieved from utter gloom only by the furtive pipe, and the festive, but stolen, gill, until at last you sank into a gibbering idiot, surrounded by children whose chief anxiety about you would be to the length of time the old fool was likely to last. You have escaped a dreadful fate, and I trust that your gratitude will be proportioned to the greatness of the danger which threatened you. As it is, even you will acknowledge that it would have been better to take the advice I tendered long ago, and not to have got married at all; but of course it's no use talking about that now. But before we part let me give you another caution, which will prevent disappointment. You are master in the house now, or say you are; but do not imagine that you will be so always. The babies will ere long be the real masters and mistresses of the domicile, and you will not be able to overcome their obstinate resistance to your legal authority in the same easy way that you did that of your wife. But a few years and they will make your life a burden to you, and then more than ever you will realise how stupendous is the folly of getting married. There is only one way of getting out of all these troubles, or at least of avoiding them to a certain extent, and that is by cultivating one or two decent clubs, where you can find that rest for your weary soul which the squalling babies deny you at home. Therefore, as I still take an interest in your welfare, I shall have the pleasure of putting your name on the books of at least two clubs in this neighbourhood, to which the subscription is small, and which will afford you a new refuge from domestic storms. Having done that, I shall have done all it is possible for me to do for you, either by precept or example. In future I shall not trouble you with any more of my dissertations, but leave you to make the best of your bad bargain.

THE *Mail* says that £483 (£9 odd a week) is the salary of second-rate clerks in Manchester. Oh! heavenly news! But it may be they are clerks in holy orders. Anyhow, they are not in the *Jackdaw* office.

## DEO AUT FATUM?

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

**J**IS God now giving this nation blood to drink  
To expiate its crimes?  
Or do we stand on that abysmal brink  
O'er which, in old dead times,  
Mad, fratricidal generations fell  
Into the sea of fire,  
Filling the furthest avenues of hell  
With shrieks that never tire—  
Waiting the touch of fate to hurl us down  
To the unsounded deep,  
While some are hurried first to wear the crown  
Of death, if not of sleep?  
Six hundred souls, that lived and looked abroad  
Upon the summer light,  
That saw not death approaching, nor were awed  
By menace of the night.  
Whose was the hand emerging from the veil  
That hides the unseen shore,  
In whose strong grasp no struggle can avail,  
Nor prayer, for evermore?  
Whose was the voice that thundered through the air  
The summons swift and dread,  
That bade some unknown ministers prepare  
An audience for the dead?  
Is this of God, or of a sovereign fate  
Whose workings none can know?  
Is it in chastening love or fiery hate  
That these henceforward go?  
Is it in retribution, or because  
Of some great tragic plan,  
In storm fulfilment of eternal laws  
That bind the race of man?  
Six hundred souls: perchance all innocent  
Of deed or thought of wrong—  
Shall we not ask why all these souls were sent  
To join the ghostly throng,  
Whose silent, sad procession wends across  
The dim horizon's line,  
Going to fuller gain, or desperate loss,  
To death or life divine?  
If it be love, 'tis well; if vengeance, well,  
That may be justice too;  
Who knows if this great light be heaven or hell  
Thus opened to our view?  
So my sad soul is fearful and agast,  
And shuddering now to think  
That God, in wrath, to expiate the past,  
Doth give us blood to drink.

## JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

**T**HREE rather curious decisions were recorded at the Manchester County Police Court, on Monday. A poor widow, with three children dependant upon her, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour, for stealing from a beerhouse a glass of the value of three-pence. A man who had broken a thick piece of wood over his wife's arm, inflicting a severe wound about two inches long, and whose only provocation was that his wife had stayed on an errand longer than she should have done, leaving him with "a screeching baby which he could not pacify," was simply bound over to keep the peace—notwithstanding that in the opinion of Mr. T. Dickens, who presided, "it was a very brutal and cowardly assault." Three young roughs had fines imposed upon them, varying from 20s. to 40s., for "scuttling" at Bradford-cum-Boswick; and yet Inspector Bourke had told the Bench that fines were of no use—that the scuttlers generally "clubbed up" to pay the penalties; that the inhabitants in the neighbourhood in question were in a state of terror; that windows had been broken and unoffending residents wounded, and that people were afraid to go out to a place of worship on the Sabbath evening. It is high time Sir J. I. Mantell returned from his holidaying.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

London, Thursday.

**A**FTER having been silent so long—for reasons into which, I am sure, you will not wish to inquire, when I tell you that they are intimately connected with matters of State—you may not unnaturally expect that I should be able to give you some information about the present position of affairs in the Cabinet. You will, no doubt, be consumed with anxiety to learn what are the prospects of an immediate dissolution, and I can sympathise with your anxiety, knowing, as I do, how many people there are in Lancashire capable of taking an intelligent view of politics. You look to me for information, and you shall not look in vain. Hard, indeed, must be the heart of him who, conscious that millions are hanging on his lips, and awaiting with feverish impatience the revelation which he is expected to make, should yet turn a deaf ear to all entreaties, and refuse to impart the precious secret with which he had been intrusted under an oath of secrecy. Fortunately for these anxious millions, I am not of so unfeeling a nature. Secrets to me are of no use unless I can confide them, nor does the possession of exclusive information give me any pleasure unless I am able to share it with my fellows. There are London correspondents who are mercenary and narrow-minded. There are men who, if they have special information given to them under pledge of secrecy, would be so ungracious as to refuse to tell even their own uncles. There are other men who will only impart their knowledge on receipt of a valuable consideration, and there are again those who, if they did publish it gratis, would only do so from mere motives of vanity, and would cackle and chatter about it in order to make the world believe that they were the confidants of all the great men of the nation. Far different is it with me. I am modest, and have no hesitation in saying so. My sensitive nature would never allow me to boast, nor would my delicate susceptibilities permit me to parade before the public the fact of my extensive acquaintance in the great world. It is, however, I may say, owing to that extensive acquaintance that I have been enabled from time to time to give you such accurate, and often unexpected, information respecting political movements, and it is from the same cause—a cause which, I may remark, operates in the case of no other London correspondent—that I am now in a position to present you with, not exactly full information respecting the dissolution—for I judge it best to be rather reticent just now—but such data as will enable your readers to forecast the event for themselves with tolerable accuracy. Is there to be a dissolution this year or not? That is the question which everyone is eagerly asking. In answer I may say that it all depends. And depends on what? This, however, is just the point at which my aforesaid reticence comes in, and for the present you must be content with that. All I can say is that it depends on a variety of circumstances, the fortuitous concourse of which would produce a state of political consciousness, which would render a dissolution inevitable. Shall we have that fortuitous agglomeration? I, for one, believe we shall. I believe that according to the direction in which matters are sent so will they go, and, that being the case, the natural consequences of the impetus given are more than likely to follow. You will see, therefore, that in the ordinary course of things, and judging of results merely by appearances, nothing is more probable than a dissolution, and, having arrived at that conclusion, the only thing that remains is to fix the time. That, of course, is not so easy, because it depends upon a series of accidental certainties, which differ entirely in their nature and operation from just those taken into account, being, indeed, mathematical, while the others are merely logical, and, to a certain extent, rhetorical. With the special information which I possess—but which, as I have explained, circumstances forbid me to impart just now—I could solve the problem in an instant; but as it is I can, without revealing my secret, afford you some means of guessing at it. Let me at once inform you that if the dissolution does not take place before the fourth week in December, it certainly will not take place at all. More I cannot, nay, dare not, say. I may, however, add that the dissolution will not take place this week, so that the time during which your readers will have to make their calculations is still further narrowed. I hope to give complete information on this important subject in my next.

The selection of Mr. Matthew Arnold as the Liberal candidate for Salford, at the next election, has caused a good deal of surprise at the clubs here. Some curiosity is manifested to know the names of the candidates for Manchester. I believe that Mr. Jacob Bright and Mr. Hugh Birley will again contest the seats on behalf of the Liberals, and that the Conservatives will run Dr. Pankhurst, a local physician of considerable reputation, and Mr. W. H. Houldsworth.

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**WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.**

**T**HAT—let us do it at once—we have the best authority for stating that the reports are utterly false about Mr. Alderman Curtis and Mr. Alderman King having committed suicide by drowning them selves in Lake Thirlmere.

That it was very much too bad for Mr. Alderman Grave or any other gentleman to originate such a malicious story.

That, for all that, Mr. Alderman Curtis and Mr. Alderman King are nowhere to be found, at least they did not frequent their usual haunts yesterday.

That, however, they looked in at the *Jackdaw* office and asked us to say that they are as well as could be expected.

That there would have been no poll at all but for Mr. Alderman Curtis. That we hope that Baxter, Curtis, and King are satisfied with the result.

That they have put the city to the cost of £2,000 in order to prove that the citizens would like to have a good supply of pure water.

That by 42,862 to 8,530 votes the citizens have shown what they think of the Thirlmere scheme and of Aldermen Curtis and King at one and the same time.

That no doubt Messrs. Curtis and King were exceedingly conscientious in the matter, and eagerly desired to prove themselves to be such.

That, granting that, it never seemed to occur to them that other gentlemen were equally conscientious with themselves.

That they secured 3,530 votes in their support.

That this was a beggarly show after all they had written and spoken on the subject, and after all the expense and trouble to which they had put the city.

That the citizens of Manchester are wiser and more far-seeing than at least two of their municipal masters.

That things are not looking up in Turkey.

That assassination, persecution, and outrage are still the order of the day in that happy, happy land.

That the Turks have just assassinated their only real able General.

That—well as Osman Pasha did at Plevna—there can be little doubt that Mehemet Ali was greater than he.

That the Jingoes are now worrying themselves about the Russians in Asia.

That India is again in danger.

**TO SMOKERS:** (Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.)

That the Jingoes must be talking or singing nonsense of some sort.

That, what with railway accidents, steamboat collisions, colliery explosions, and diarrhoea, the population of the United Kingdom is being diminished very rapidly.

That the members of Salford Town Council have been experiencing much difficulty in getting a Mayor for next year.

That it is not so hard to find an Alderman to act as Mayor as it is to know who should be the Mrs. Mayorette.

That unsavoury rumours are afloat respecting the dilemma.

That we don't believe these rumours, and need say no more on the subject just at present.

That, nevertheless, the worthy Aldermen of Salford should know that the eyes of England, Mrs. Grundy, and the *Jackdaw* are upon them.

**THE THIRLmere TUSSLE.**

**J**IF ever a City had water on the brain, Manchester has had it this week with a vengeance. "Thirlmere—for or against?"—is the question which every citizen has been asked. Contemptible as the opposition was to the scheme, the Waterworks Committee got funky and actually sent the following post-card to every ratepayer:—"No extra rate will be required. An unlimited supply of the purest water will be secured for all classes." Without this additional supply the demand for labour will be lessened—the prosperity of the city will decline, and all classes will suffer in consequence. If water from Thirlmere be not procured the further extension of water-mains must be stopped and the supply thereby limited. Ratepayers! Realise what a water-famine means, and prevent it by voting 'in favour of' and supporting the City Council. On behalf of the Committee responsible for the water supply, John Grave, chairman, Henry Patteson, deputy-chairman." No doubt, the thing was done for the best. Nevertheless, I think it was bad taste for the Committee to show their hand in this way. Mr. Alderman Curtis and Mr. Alderman King don't possess so much influence in the city as to justify the Waterworks Committee in losing their heads in opposing them and defeating their plans.

Now that the vexatious—though in one respect satisfactory—poll has been taken on the Thirlmere scheme, and the immense majority of the ratepayers have fully endorsed the action of the Corporation, it is to be hoped that Aldermen King and Curtis will be satisfied with having put the city to an unnecessary expense of about £2,000, and will henceforth cease from troubling the citizens or the Parliamentary Committee with their wearisome puzzles of fallacious figures. Yet this is perhaps too much to hope for. When two men are conceited and obstinate enough to believe themselves wiser than sixty other members of the Council, they are not likely to be convinced of their error even if the number against them should be sixty thousand. However, it will not be in their power to carry this factious opposition much further, for it is not likely the Lords will again go into the question after the exhaustive inquiry conducted by the Select Committee of the House of Commons. Messrs. King and Curtis may be, and no doubt are, very conscientious, but it would be much more to the benefit of the ratepayers if these gentlemen had combined a little common-sense with their conscientiousness.

**THE RULE OF THE ROAD.**

BY A. DRIVER, ESQ.

**T**HE rule of the road is a paradox quite—  
To explain it 'will not take me long—  
If you keep to the left you are "right,"  
If you go to the "right" you'll be wrong.  
Save in passing "behind" (and this seems more sound)  
You must go to the right, as you have to go round.  
So, Jehu, beware when driving your "dobby,"  
For officer A 1 is a very cute bobby,  
Who stands at the crossing of every street  
For each careless driver he may chance to meet.  
So walk when he tells you, and don't dare to trot,  
Or he'll out with his book and make the case hot;  
He'll put down your name, declaring a smash,  
For which little memo, you'll have to pay cash.  
So, Jehu, when driving roan, grey, or mottle,  
Be sure to obey the "official" bluebottle.

**WITH THE COMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.**

## THE POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

"**I**NG," said the angel to Caedmon, the unlearned Yorkshire shepherd. "What shall I sing?" he inquired of this nightly visitant, who had a divine commission to the ignorant farm-servant as he lay in that wretched stable. "Sing the Creation," was the instruction; and he who had hitherto spent his days in silence, who had often been put to shame because he could not repeat even one single verse, began to send forth words of song that charmed his rude yet admiring hearers, and made him the first poet of his time. His simple, though powerful, verses acted as gentle, refreshing dew from heaven upon the flower of religion at that time newly planted in the country.

The wave of song, thus started, has rolled along ever since, gathering increased strength each succeeding year, watering the moral world with showers of happiness, beating around our homes and our hearts, murmuring of joy and hope in our willing ears, running to and fro like being from higher spheres bent on errands of mercy, here kissing the form of beauty, there leaning upon the breast of the faithful, anon twining a garland of roses around some oft-kissed brow, and causing joy to reverberate from heart to heart, land to land, and sphere to sphere.

And the character of the singing has been as varied as the disposition of the singers or the nature of the times in which they lived. One has sung of heroes, another has made woman to walk in song, while a third has chanted the beauties of Nature; one has fired man to the performance of deeds of daring, a second has calmed down the troubled heart as Jesus stilled the tempestuous Sea of Galilee, and a third has filled the human breast with the holiest and purest emotions. One has sung because he could not help it, another has sung that he might obtain a wreath of fame, while a third has sung, as a man makes chairs or sells sugar, that he might keep body and soul together.

The popular songs of each generation may be taken as a more or less correct indication of the leading characteristics of the time. Some people say they can read character from the way in which you walk; others can unravel the mysteries of the mind and heart by observing the shape of your hand or the peculiarities of your handwriting; Shakspere speaks about an art which "shows the mind's construction in the face;" and phrenologists have only to feel your bumps in order to know you better than you know yourselves.

It is quite certain that in this country men and women have sung differently at different times. War, love, and duty have all, at successive periods, been the favourite themes of the poet's lays. But we have outlived such paltry subjects. We are often told that we are not now a warlike people, and, therefore, our poetasters shun the battlefield with its "garments rolled in blood." As for love, the nineteenth century has no time to waste in any such way. The sons of song have, as a consequence, ceased to compose what are called love songs. Duty is looked upon as the getting of money, whether honestly or not, and many of our modern favourite songs represent life as nothing more than a laughable farce.

I don't require to occupy any time in arguing which songs are most popular now-a-days. It is what are called the sensational and comic pieces. Not only do they most please the audiences who attend cheap entertainments, but they generally call forth the most applause even at what are styled grand concerts in town halls and assembly-rooms, and we occasionally find them in great vogue at the social reunion in our private homes.

They seldom possess any literary merit whatever, their only recommendations being a loose morality, impudence, and self-conceit, sound without sense, great show, a mighty sham—a graphically true reflection of the age itself. What care we for a stern earnestness in this trumpet-blowing century? All we stipulate for is an attractive outward appearance. We attire our poor bodies of flesh and blood in a style which we expect makes up for the moral and intellectual defects within. We laugh loudly and think little. And yet we are puffed up with pride, each man thinking himself better than his fellow. We gossip about our neighbours, instead of holding converse about the great ones who have preceded us in the race—who have, as it were, already run off their heats. There is, therefore, a sad want of true friendships now-a-days—friendships built upon the abiding rock of true worth, and not upon the shifting sand of social position and influence. With all our boasted greatness, however, I'm afraid we're miserable beings compared with some whose advantages were greatly inferior to ours.

This melancholy truth comes out very strongly when we place our favourite songs alongside of those of former times. There never was an

age in the history of this country, I believe, when the tide of true song sank so low as it does at present. All our worst weaknesses are revealed in our popular modern songs. There is no good thing in them at all—no heart, no intellect, nothing that is true or good. They contain no respect for old age, no reverence for the greatness of ancient times, no honouring of worth, no creditable incitation of virtue, no regard for holy affection and sacred ties, no revelling amidst the beauties of nature. They consist either of sham philosophy, impertinence, self-conceit, immorality, or nonsense, and may be briefly described as perfect rubbish, twaddle.

But I must try to substantiate language so strong, charges so sweeping. The only way to do this properly would be to give "practical illustrations." As I cannot manage this, perhaps you will allow me to do the next best thing, namely, to give an extract or two from our favourite songs. Now, as this will be no treat, I must throw myself upon the reader's kind forbearance, as my purpose demands that a few of the sublime specimens should be submitted for inspection.

The places where we most readily come across these songs are the public streets at night, the music halls, and the popular concerts; but they sometimes, as already stated, are found within the sacred precincts of the family circle, and at concerts described in the handbills and newspapers as "grand" and "fashionable."

Of course, the street songs stand at the very bottom of the poisonous tree; and I leave them without saying more.

The popular love songs are perfect curiosities in their way. Here is one which I suppose is in great requisition—

"I sing of Pretty Flora, a gem behind the bar;  
At the 'Bird' in Highbury you'll find my guiding star;  
She is the sweetest treasure, all round, near, or far,

And to speak the truth I adore her!  
Swells flock like little flies around a treacle pot,  
And want to steal my fair one, but I don't care a jot;  
They chaff and drink, just to look large, and fancy they're A 1,  
But they have not half a chance with little Flora.

"Pretty little Flora serves behind the bar  
Bass's bitter ale and porter,  
I stand there all the day, and cannot keep away;  
It breaks my heart to leave my little Flora."

"He must have a Thousand a Year," "I'll tell your Wife," and "The Beau with two Belles" are not a whit better either in merit or spirit. The last-mentioned begins thus:—

"I am a random slasher,  
To every dodge I'm down;  
A regular first-rate dasher,  
And known about the town  
As the leading tip top swell—  
My name is Roderic Spiller,  
The ready beau to every belle,  
The model lady killer."

"Swells" is a favourite subject with our modern song-writers. "Slap Bang," "Roaming Home in the Morning," "Doing the Grand," "The Noisy Swell," "Not for Joe," and "Champagne Charlie" all belong to this interesting class. There are many more, of course, for the genus called swell abounds on every hand, and is, I regret, occasionally to be met with where least expected. They are wretched compositions, having reference to a worthless set of individuals. "The Noisy Swell" produces the following portrait of himself:—

"You've heard about the 'languid swell,'  
A fellow always quiet,  
I'm not like him, as you can tell,  
For I like noise and riot;  
I don't believe in quietude,  
'Tis not one of my joys,  
So, ladies, pray don't think me rude  
When I say I love a noise.

Slap, dash! let's make a noise,  
Come along, boys, let's make a noise,  
Slap, dash! let's make a noise,  
For I'm the noisy swell.

We go to op'ras, routs and balls,  
Find lots of fun before us,  
But our delight is music halls—  
Where we join in each chorus,  
Indulging in the fragrant weed,  
Each one himself enjoys,  
The merry band I always lead,  
When we want an extra noise.

Slap, dash! &c.

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So come and join our motley throng,  
You'll be delighted, very,  
For we're a school that ne'er do wrong,  
Altho' we're always merry;  
Tho' fond of jokes we do no harm,  
We're merely 'jolly boys.'  
Who now and then cause some alarm,  
When we're kicking up a noise.  
Slap, dash! &c."

Several of the ebullitions attempt to inculcate moral lessons, but their morality is after their own reprehensible fashion, in keeping with that of modern society. Here, for example, is the opening of one entitled—" Go it while you're Young : "

"A thought struck me that I would go,  
One Sunday afternoon,  
To Battersea and hear the band  
Strike up a jolly tune;  
For home I found so very dull,  
And so was Mrs. B.,  
Who follows Master Spurgeon,  
That she may lecture me.  
As we can't live for ever,  
Let care from us be flung,  
The best of friends must sever;  
So go it while you're young."

But I must halt; I am tired of this rubbish, and I fancy the reader is the same. Much of the success of these precious productions depends upon their being given in character, accompanied with grimaces, and interspersed with dancing. If they were witty, one could admire them; but they are only vulgar and stupid. What makes the use of such bad songs all the more objectionable is the fact that there are so many really good songs in our language. Why sing a bad song when we can get a good one to sing? There are hundreds of songs which have a really beneficial influence upon us. Let us, then, in the name of all that's good, use them, and turn our backs against the twaddling, and, what is a great consolation, the ephemeral popular productions of the present time. Let us trust that the prophecy of one of my favourite poets shall ere long be fulfilled—

" My friend ! a poet must ere long arise,  
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,  
As a saint's head is with a halo crowned ;  
One, who shall hallow poetry to God  
And to its own high use, for poetry is  
The grandest chariot wherin king-thoughts ride ;  
One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song,  
As a stern swordsmen grasps his keenest blade,  
To find the quickest passage to the heart.  
A mighty poet, whom this age shall choose  
To be its spokesman to all coming times.  
In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,  
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength  
And grapple with the questions of all times,  
And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul  
Called up the buried prophet from his grave  
To speak his doom, so shall this poet-king  
Call up the dead past from its awful grave  
To tell him of our future. As the air  
Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—  
Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake  
Reflects the flower, tree, rock, and bending heaven,  
Shall he reflect our great humanity ;  
And as the young spring breathes with living breath  
On a dead branch, till it sprouts fragrant  
Green leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe life  
Through every theme he touch, making all beauty  
And poetry for ever like the stars."

As it is, we sing and swear by Jingo and are rewarded with Royal favours for doing so !

#### AMATEURS' STIMMING.

One might have thought that even if the Prince of Wales could not afford to contribute more than 50 guineas—25 for the Princess and 25 for himself—in aid of the sufferers by the Thames disaster, he would have availed himself of the offer of the London Steamboat Company to place a saloon steamer at his service, in order that he might visit the scene of the catastrophe, and thus give much greater proof of his interest and sympathy. The Queen did not hesitate to follow such a course in the case of the "Eurydice." But then, it would have interfered with His Royal Highness's four days' visit to Doncaster races; and those races are of such imperial concern that we are bound to accept "his regrets that it is not in his power to take advantage of the proposal."

#### MANCHESTER ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

HOW many clubs, societies, and associations Manchester has it would puzzle a directory to say; but if the "John Shaw" club is the oldest, probably the one which heads this article is the youngest. Anglers in Manchester! Nonsense! Everyone knows that the Chetham College boys have the monopoly of the angling in the Irk, and the trout of Irwell and Medlock are scarcely worthy of an angler. But we are assured that anglers do live in this grimy city of inky waters; men who, as they walk our flagged and asphalted streets, are ever conscious that beyond the flags and beyond the circle blasted by our smoke, there are green fields and waving trees and bubbling brooks. Well, it is something to be an angler, if it is only to keep us in mind of that. The Manchester anglers, so we learn, meet together, not that they may arrange "fishing matches" in canals and pits for copper kettles and gallons of beer, but to talk about the mysteries of their craft and their quarry—to fight their battles o'er again, and thrice to slay the slain. The mottos they have adopted for themselves are taken, as they should be, from the immortal William and the inimitable Isaac—"No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears" being the one, and "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling" the other. If these mottos speak the quality of the members, if they are men who return the "ungrown fry" to the place from whence they came, who love quiet, and calm, and innocence, more power to them, we say, and we will be a Manchester angler ourselves.

By favour, we have been present this week, at the Clarence Hotel, at one of the monthly meetings of the Association, and we find that Manchester anglers, whose existence we did not even suspect, are quite a representative body. Among them we found divines and lawyers and doctors, engineers and other professional men, with a good proportion of traders. One of the members read a "paper," which, though professing to be on an angling subject, was not stupidly so, and, though said to be without pretension to literary excellence, was entertaining enough. After this, conversation on the paper followed on some matters too technical for our comprehension, while the anglers, who are neither teetotalers nor anti-tobacconists, enjoyed themselves to their own tastes. Then the time for separation came, and we went our way, feeling that, if we had not had a very exciting time, we had at least spent a very pleasant and harmless evening. The *Jackdaw* wishes the Manchester Anglers' Association long life and prosperity.

#### WRITING POETRY.

SO little "poetry" is written now-a-days that it may be interesting to some to know what the process really implies, at least in the estimation of an artist like Fanny Haverell :—

" Think you, darling, nought is needed

But the paper and the ink,

And a pen to trace so lightly,

While the eye is beaming brightly,

All the pretty things we think?

There's a secret—can you trust me?

Do not ask me what it is!

Perhaps some day you too will know it,

If you live to be a poet—

All its agony and bliss.

Poetry is not a trifle,

Lightly thought and lightly made ;

Not a fair and sautless flower,

Gaily cultured for an hour,

Then as gaily left to fade.

'Tis the essence of existence,

Rarely rising to the light ;

And the songs that echo longest,

Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,

With your life-blood you will write.

With your life-blood ! None will know it,

You will never tell them how ;

Smile ! and they will never guess it ;

Laugh ! and you will not confess it

By your paler cheek and brow.

Will you seek it ? Will you brave it ?

'Tis a strange and solemn thing ;

Learning long before your teaching,

Listening long before your preaching,

Suffering before you sing !

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## THE THEATRES.

AT the Theatre Royal there is now running a drama entitled *Queen's Evidence*. To say that it abounds in strong points would be giving a faint conception of its quality. A play which can boast of two murders, an attempted murder, a stolen child, passers of base coin, and a most unconscionable amount of miscellaneous villainy, is at least something out of the common order. In the hands of less experienced playwrights than Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, and less accomplished actors than those engaged, the piece would have degenerated into sad rant, but in spite of conventional materials employed, the canons of good taste are not violated, indeed in many respects the play is very enjoyable, especially to those who can take strong dramatic food. That exception might be taken to some slight inconsistencies is certain. For instance, at a small country station, two railway booking clerks would not be employed and even were this so, one of them would scarcely be allowed to spend his morning in the pursuit of game, while the other was engaged in villainous attentions to his fellow-clerk's wife. Nor does our experience of railway clerks of rural stations lead us to suppose that they strut about in peacock-like apparel. As we have implied, the acting is good alike. If Mr. Rignold would not so outrageously overdress the part of "Matthew Thornton," we should like him much better. Even as it is, his acting compels us to like him. Miss Bentley, as "Medland's" wife, was, in the early scenes, naive and easygoing; while, in the latter, particularly in the lock scene, where she has an interview with her stolen boy, she rose to the height of pathos. The Royal management know so well how to "dress" a piece that it is perhaps a vain compliment to say that the drama was excellently mounted—too elaborately, in fact, for the patience of the audience.

Tennyson's *Dora* is not a poem which strikes the reader as being particularly dramatic; but Mr. Charles Reade, who takes fewer liberties with the poet's work than playwrights often do with the stories they "adapt" for the stage, has made of it a three act play, which is interesting throughout, and often beautiful. This was produced at the Prince's on Monday. The characters are fine, but exceed those of the poem. "Luke Bloomfield," an honest young farmer, who loves "Dora" hopelessly through two acts, being added. The principal character, that of "Farmer Allen," a hard, inflexible, unforgiving man, whose "will is law," but who, beneath his rugged breast, has a tender heart which his stubborn pride will never let him discover, is filled by Mr. Charles Kelly, who plays the part with great force. Only at one exceptional moment, does he allow his niece "Dora" to see his softer side. To all the world else, to his son and his son's wife, both of whom he turns out of doors in the winter's snow, he is the unbending tyrant who can brook no denial to his own firm purpose. "Dora" (Miss Ellen Terry), the niece and dependant of "Allan," is too weak, too gentle, and too loving to oppose her uncle, whom she loves for the very contrast he presents to herself; but with the knowledge that she must sacrifice herself in so doing, she determines to reconcile the old man to his now orphan grandchild, and knowing what no one else knows—"Allan's" fondness for children—she manages to bring "William's" boy to his grandfather in the cornfield, when the farmer's "heart is glad of the full harvest." "Allan" falls into the "trap," as he calls it, caresses the child, then asks whose boy he is, and learns the truth. The explosion that follows is the climax of the play. The rage of the farmer against poor "Dora," who sobs "Do with me as you will, but take the child and bless him for the sake of him that's gone," is admirably rendered by Mr. Kelly, and the scene ends with "Allan's" decision—

"I will take the boy;

But go you hence and never see me more."

For the rest the poem is closely followed. One beautiful passage being given in Tennyson's words; only one departure takes place before the curtain falls, for while in the poem

"Dora lived unmarried till her death,"

in the play she married the faithful "Bloomfield," who has waited through seven long years for her. The character of "Dora" is indicated above; it is taken by Miss Terry, with her accustomed grace, and entirely wins the sympathy of the audience. "William Allen" (Mr. Griffiths), mars the effect of the first act by his over-vigorous opposition to his father. Mr. Doyle is "Luke Bloomfield," which character he plays in a bluff, cheery manner. "Mary Morrison" ("William's" wife), is efficiently represented by Miss Erskine. The mounting of the play is most admirable. The latter part of the evening is occupied by *The Cynic's Defeat; or, All is Vanity*, by our townsmen, Mr. Alfred Thompson. It is a quasi-mythological drama, which is vastly superior to most of

the plays in which heathen gods or goddesses appear. There are only two characters, that of the old Athenian Cynic, "Diogenes," Mr. Charles Kelly, and "Iris" (messenger of the gods), Miss Terry. "Iris" finds the philosopher in his tub, and determines to overcome his philosophy and his principles. Accordingly, by the aid of Cupid, whose aid she invokes, she transforms the rough, half-clad ascetic into a ringleted swell, who, out of love for "Iris," forewears all his wisdom that he may win a smile of the fair being who has made him captive. Suddenly, the dream is over, and "Diogenes" awakes to the sad consciousness of the fool he has been making of himself. He is in despair at what *Athena* will say, but the kind "Iris" promises that no more shall be said about it, and then the curtain falls. Slight as the piece is, it is very amusing. The dialogue is smart, and in graceful verse. Mr. Kelly's acting is all that could be desired, and, as in the former play, is rendered all the more attractive by the contrast between his part and that of the lady, who plays the bright, lively goddess, with all the charm a goddess was ever capable of.

## THE ITALIAN IMAGE VENDER.

**H**IS rich locks were dark and glossy,  
And hung o'er his shoulders slight,  
And his eyebrows, black and bushy,  
Shaded eyes of southern light.

But his cheeks were sunk and hollow,  
And his skin an olive brown,  
And his mantle, torn and tattered,  
Hung his meagre body down.

He was weary of his burden,  
And his heavy load of cares,  
But he caught my look of pity  
And he showed to me his wares.

There was Dickens, sad and thoughtful,  
And the thought within arose,  
I might draw the boy a moral  
From that writer's weary woes.

How that once, like he, obscurely,  
Dickens sought his daily bread;  
How he struggled, fought, and laboured,  
Though unbowed his weary head.

How in time he rose a master,  
Left upon the roll of fame,  
Wrote upon the hearts of all men  
"Dickens," an immortal name.

There was Burns, the thought, too, struck me—  
Did that poor boy care to know  
That his daily avocation  
Was the drudgery of the plough?

How he, soiled and weather-beaten,  
With incessant daily toil,  
Carved his name to last for ever,  
Though a tiller of the soil!

There were others—many others,  
What a lesson might be read  
From the lives of such like heroes  
Gathered long since with the dead.

But that wandering little heathen,  
Tiring of the long suspense,  
Said: "I'll sell both fiddlers to you,  
Cheap as dirt, at eighteenpence!"

## FEMININE FISTIANA.

**T**HE poet tells us that—  
"When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,"  
the best thing she can do is to die. The poet should now tell us what lovely woman ought to do after having tied up her back hair, put herself in battle array, and, in a prize ring, thumped, scratched, and bitten her lovely fellow-woman until that fair creature was obliged to cry, "Hold! Enough!" This, according to the newspapers, was the pleasing little entertainment enjoyed one Sunday morning lately at a place near Hanley. We ourselves have seen similar sights not a hundred yards from Angel Street (!) in our own city.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

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## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**J**IN a leader on the Argyleshire election, provoked by the *Scotsman's* deliverance thereon, the *Evening Mail* of Monday says:—"The point attempted to be made here may not be immediately patent to an unsophisticated mind, and, therefore, it is needful to put it in this simple form—that, because the *purses* of fifty-five landlords on the Conservative side are longer than twenty-three landlords on the Liberal side, the Conservatives ought to have won in a contest influenced by pecuniary considerations." Just imagine! Fifty-five Conservative purses that are longer than twenty-three Liberal landlords! Taking the average height of the latter at the modest figure of five feet eight inches, the said purses must be at the least two feet six inches long each. After this we will believe that the *Mail* goes in for measures, not men.

THE Sunday school has long been considered the "nursery" of the Church; but now the honours must be divided. Our friends of the Establishment have set up the business of a *crèche* on their own hook, and our celibate Bishop is the head nurseryman. In connection with the forthcoming united Church of England mission at Ashton-under-Lyne, the opening address of which is to be given to night by Dr. Fraser a circular has been issued, from which we take the following:—"N.B.—In order to help mothers who may wish to attend the services, arrangements have been made to take charge of their infant children during the addresses, without charge." Not a bad idea, either.

A WELL-KNOWN Salford dentist advertises as follows:—"Repairs of every description of dental work neatly performed on the shortest notice." Only fancy having to send or leave our mouths for repairs!

SEVERAL excellent works are contained in the autumnal exhibition of the Manchester Royal Institution, which is now open; but our detailed notice of them, and what observations we may have to make on the exhibition as a whole, must be reserved for another number.

THE Lying Spirit is still abroad. Take one of these quotations, for instance:—

*Evening News.*

"The public free libraries and reading-rooms in this city were opened yesterday (Sunday), and the number of visitors who availed themselves of the new privilege was considerable. This result is gratifying, considering that little more than a day's notice had been given, and that few persons expected that the decision of the City Council would so soon take a practical form."

*Evening Mail.*

"Yesterday's experience at the free libraries hardly justifies the action of the Council in opening them on Sunday afternoons. The number of those who took advantage of them was inappreciable, and the manner in which they were taken advantage of not altogether satisfactory. \* \* \* Only a paltry aggregate of a few scores assembled at all the libraries in the city."

IF any of the "romances" which were supplied to "loafers" on Sunday possess greater elements of fiction than are to be found in one of the foregoing quotations, we'll eat our boots. The following are well-authenticated facts:—About two hundred and fifty readers attended at the central library alone, all but about a dozen being persons whom the assistant librarian did not remember seeing there before; at Cheetham there were between forty and fifty present; the reading room at Livesey Street was very well filled, as were the rooms in Every Street and Rusholme Road—there being at the last-named library as many as seventy-three readers at one time in the course of the afternoon—whilst at Hulme Branch "the room was simply filled to overflowing."

IS it to be wondered that the recreancy of the senior member for Sheffield, whereby he is now entitled to be styled the Right Hon. J. A. Roebuck, should J.A.R. upon the feelings of all good Liberals?

WAS Congreve a Spiritualist? "Music hath charms," he wrote, "to soothe a savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;" and then come words which have a wondrous application to the spiritualistic community:—

"I've read that things inanimate have moved,  
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

SOMEBODY on the *Courier* has got a very bad cold. Hence we find Bishop Fraser advertised as the "Eight Rev."

IT appears, not unnaturally, that the "bowels of the earth" are regulated by supplies both fat and lean. "Thick and thin coalminers," we learn from an advertisement in the *Guardian*, "can have regular work at Dodsworth Silkstone Collieries."

THE *University Magazine*—the old *Dublin* remodelled and reinvigorated—is certainly one of the best of our monthlies.

WE will a Lion's tale unfold. According to an Ashton-under-Lyne paper, "The question of engaging Professor Leon LEVI, of London, the eminent lecturer on capital and labour, to deliver two or three lectures on competition, over-production, &c., is receiving the serious consideration of a few well-meaning gentlemen" in Ashton. Our good friend Mr. J. C. Fielden says that with the Lion's leave he'll be there. This is one of the London Lions he never heard of before. There is no doubt Professor Leoni Levi is the gentleman meant, so that after all there is a leonine ring about it.

MR. ALDERMAN STOREY, ex-mayor of Lancaster, who responded to the toast of "the town and trade, &c.," at the recent dinner of the Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society, is reported by the leading paper in that town as having asked whether, during the ten years' disfranchisement of the borough, the inhabitants have not "fully expiated the political delinquencies for which they have been suffering?" If the end of this be not a Storeyed urn, it will be, or will have been, an "animated bust."

"HE was the cynosure of all eyes," said a reverend orator, who was lecturing on the First Napoleon. "Our only rate is the general district rate," said the chairman of a Local Board near this city. In the first case, the reporter put it, "The sinecure of all lies;" in the second, "The journalistic rate." They are still at large.

*Courierosity the Younger*, speaking of the opening of free libraries and reading-rooms on Sundays, says "It is not fair to the assistants that they should be asked to sacrifice their Sunday afternoons to provide loafers with romances and lads with picture books." We might reply that the Corporation do not insist upon any assistants working on Sundays who have conscientious objections, and that extra remuneration is given to those who choose to work; but we wish more particularly to point out something which may not have occurred to many people. The *Courier* is no friend of the Sunday openers—we mean the free library, not the drinkshop openers—and yet the proprietors of that journal, who are also proprietors of the *Mail*, employ in and about their office every Sunday more persons than there are librarians and assistants in all the public institutions of the city. Every Monday's issue of the righteous *Courier* is prepared on the Sabbath Day, and this, be it observed, is simply a money-making affair. Whether it is more sinful to print a paper than to read a paper on Sundays? Perhaps Mr. Croston will oblige us.

ON the authority of Sam Hague, we ask, "What is the difference between a drunkard who is hard up, and the members of the Manchester City Council?" Answer: "The former is in low water about his supply of spirits, and the latter are in high spirits about their supply of water."

PRESS men are not usually the most orthodox and religious of men. But let us give even the Devil his due—in less than a month letters have been received from 548 Roman Catholic journalists throughout Europe who intend to take part in the Press pilgrimage to the feet of the reigning Pontiff on the anniversary of his exaltation.

IF we are to believe what we read, life is rather too cheap to be comfortable out in Illinois. The records show that within the last 20 years 314 murderers have been sent to Joliet Prison—90 of them for life, and the remainder for from one to 25 years. One hundred have been pardoned, 62 have been released in other ways, 21 have died or gone to asylums for the insane, and 131 are still in prison. Three years and six months, it is estimated, is the average term for a convicted murderer in Illinois.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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